

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

VOL. XXVI.

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1913

EXPLOSION NEARLY COSTS LIFE

**C. C. Christensen Residing
Near State Line Terribly
Burned in Explosion**

SON HAS NARROW ESCAPE

**Father Used Lighted Lantern to Aid in
Filling Gasoline Tank and the
Explosion Follows**

C. C. Christensen, 42 years of age and a farmer residing three miles north of Waukegan on the Sand road, had a narrow escape from death Monday night just after dark when a gasoline engine used in the operation of a pump exploded. Christensen was terribly burned, the milk house was completely destroyed, and Charles Christensen, a twelve year old son of the injured man had a miraculous escape from injury.

Christensen was burned about the head, face, arms and neck. His hair was burned from his head and the entire upper portion of body is a mass of burns. Dr. P. P. M. Jorgensen, of Kenosha, who is attending him declared this afternoon that he was hopeful that Christensen would recover but he stated that his condition was very grave. Presence of mind saved Christensen from being burned to death in the ruins of the milk house, for just after the explosion he dived into a great tank of water alongside of the ruined engine and the water put out the flames before his clothing had burned off and saved much of his body from being burned.

Christensen had reached his home just after nightfall and had started the gasoline engine to pump some water for the milk tanks. After the engine had been started he discovered that there was no gasoline in the tank. He attempted to pour the gasoline into the tank, but could not see and called his son who was playing about the building to bring him a lantern. The boy brought the lighted lantern and handed it to his father. The father lifted the lantern up close to the funnel for the gasoline and a second later the explosion took place. The little boy was standing near a window of the milk house and the force of the explosion threw him through the window and he escaped practically uninjured.

In a second the entire milk house was in flames. Christensen was bending over engine at the time of the explosion and the burning gasoline was thrown all over his clothing. He thought rapidly and saw his only chance for life was in leaping in the big water tank. Later when the flames on his clothing had been extinguished he managed with the aid of the boy to get out of the burning milk house and fell on the ground exhausted and suffering terribly from the burns.

The boy in the meantime had summoned help and farmers came from all directions to help. Wet blankets were thrown on the house and the volunteer fire fighters abandoned the milk house to its fate and gave all their efforts to saving the house. The house caught fire half a dozen times but it was saved. Christensen was carried to a neighboring house and Dr. Jorgensen called to attend him.

The escape of the boy who was blown through the window is regarded as miraculous. The little fellow was busy carrying water to save the house and it was declared that out side of a few bruises he was uninjured.

WHITMAN ASSUMES POSTOFFICE AT GRAYS LAKE

On Wednesday morning of last week C. J. Wightman became postmaster of Grayslake postoffice succeeding Dr. E. F. Schaffer, who has been postmaster for several years. Under Mr. Schaffer's administration, his son Marquis and Theo Smith were the assistants.

Mr. Wightman is a native of Avon township, having been reared on a farm west of Grayslake. Since he has grown to manhood has worked up for himself one of the best life insurance businesses in the state of Illinois, as a district agent.

His many friends are congratulating him on his success of landing the federal job in Grayslake. To outsiders this may seem to be a small salary job because of the small town, but it pays better than \$2,000 per year.

E. S. Adams, the assistant, who is also a native of the county comes from Deerfield township.

VICTIM OF POWDER BLAST

**Laborer Dies in Hospital From Injuries
Caused by Explosion**

After 23 months of suffering, Constantine Tavnia, 27 years old, died Saturday night of injuries he suffered in the Du Pont powder explosion at Pleasant Prairie, Wis. On Friday physicians attending him decided that it would be necessary to amputate his right leg, and he was taken to Chicago to the Rhodes avenue hospital. He died following the operation. Tavnia was a laborer and was at work about the plant when the explosion occurred. His right hip and leg were burned and broken.

Tavnia was found a half block from one of the powder mills the night of the explosion. He was unconscious when found and for many days it was feared that he would die. However, his condition improved until a few weeks ago, when he suffered a relapse. During his sickness the powder company has allowed him wages.

He was the only employee of the powder company who died as a result of the blast. One woman died in Elgin, a man dropped dead in Kenosha and a score or more were injured by flying glass in neighboring cities.

E. S. Thompson, the foreman who was killed in the plant, and Miss Lillie Finch of Elgin, who died of shock at the time, were the other victims. The third lingered for two years and nearly four months and succumbed to the shock following the amputation of his right leg.

The explosion of the mills was felt in five states and caused much damage to windows within a radius of fifty miles. The company estimated its loss at \$500,000. There had been a number of small explosions at the plant previous to the one of March 9, 1911, but nothing of its intensity was before known in the middle west.

SEEK LAKE PORT FOR ELECTRIC AT WAUKEGAN

Reorganization of the Chicago, Waukegan and Fox Lake Traction company took place Tuesday at the stockholders' meeting of the company in the Tacoma Building, Chicago.

The new officers are:
J. P. Mason, a life long resident of Elgin, president.

Dr. Nelson of Chicago, vice president.
Myron W. Whittemore, of Chicago, secretary and general counsel.

Mr. Whittemore will have active management of the road.

"Our road between Sycamore and Marengo has been in operation for four years," said Mr. Whittemore, "and the grading from Marengo to Woodstock have been made and the contract let for construction of the line. The money has been guaranteed for the completion of the road."

"We intend ultimately to go through McHenry county to accommodate the summer resort patrons and have a destination at Waukegan."

We plan to get a lake freight business. We are seeking a lake port at Waukegan and are going to construct our line to carry to the freight business of this territory.

Several months ago W. O. Johnson received of the Chicago and Milwaukee railroad, was given permission by Judge Landis to purchase the Fox Lake line at Waukegan for \$56,000. Evidently this plan did not go through.

WILMOT TEAM SURE HAS COLD FEET

The ball game between the Antioch senior team and Wilmot that was scheduled to take place on the Antioch grounds last Sunday failed to materialize, the Wilmot's evidently getting a case of cold feet.

But the juniors did their best to make up for the seniors and their game with Pikeville was transferred from the lots east of the cemetery to the regular grounds. The game was quite an exciting one, both sides being about of equal strength, and ten innings had to be played to decide the winners.

In the first inning Antioch made 7 and their opponents 3, in the second the local team scored 2 more and Pikeville again made 3, in the third Antioch added 1 more to their credit while the other side made 2. In each of the fourth and fifth Antioch again made 1 and visiting team failed to score in either. In the sixth Antioch made nothing and Pikeville 1. In the seventh neither side scored. In the eighth the home team made 6 to 4 for the others. In the ninth Antioch failed and Pikeville gained 5 the score was then a tie. In the tenth Antioch 2 and Pikeville 1, and the home team by a score of 1.

WAUKEGAN TAILOR ROBBED

**Lured to Chicago and Robbed
of \$100 by Strangers at
Point of Gun**

HELD UP IN DAY LIGHT

**Says He Was Too Frightened to Call
for Help or Notice Which Way the
Robbers Disappeared**

Harry Gordon, a young man employed as a tailor by Gus Baller, a North Genesee street tailor in Waukegan, was lured to Chicago Monday afternoon and robbed of \$100 at the point of a gun by two slick strangers who had taken him there with the avowed intention of showing him where he could purchase a cleaning shop and tailoring establishment at a real bargain. The robbery occurred in broad daylight.

The two strangers entered the Beller tailor shop on Monday morning and spent some little time in talking Gordon about the fine opportunity there was of purchasing the little establishment in Chicago. They pictured it in such a way that the Waukegan man was much impressed and he finally consented to make the trip to Chicago to investigate for himself. At the suggestion of one he went to the bank and drew out \$100 because the stranger pointed out to him that he might wish to make a payment immediately in order to bind the bargain. In case he did not, they said that no harm would have been done.

The party of three left for Chicago about noon and after arriving there spent some little time in walking about. After a time Gordon became slightly suspicious of the actions of the two, as it did not seem to him that they were taking him to the place they had described. Just where he was he did not know, but he figured out that the men were not what they had represented themselves to be.

He started to walk away but this idea did not appeal to them at all, and if they had had other plans for obtaining his money they at once abandoned them and adopted a surer method.

One of the men drew a revolver and stepped close to Gordon, pressing the gun against his breast and ordered him to turn over whatever money and valuables he might have in his possession.

As the men started away after pocketing the money they warned him that if he made an outcry that they would return and shoot him. He still had his railroad ticket and making his way to the station, returned to Waukegan, a wiser but a sadder man. Asked if he could give a description of the two men Gordon replied that they frightened him so badly that he was afraid he could not.

Gordon says he did not even notify the police because he "figured it would do no good."

A RED GASOLINE CAN REQUIRED BY THE NEW LAW

One of the important fire prevention enactments at the recent session of the Illinois legislature was the passage of the red gasoline can law, making it a misdemeanor, punishable by fine, for any retail dealer to sell gasoline to any person unless it is placed in a red receptacle, labeled "gasoline" in letters not less than a half-inch high.

In connection with this the Illinois fire marshal's department has issued a bulletin on the dangers of gasoline, stating that 600 fires in Illinois last year were caused directly by its explosion and that gasoline caused the death of 30 persons each week and serious injury twice that number throughout the country.

The bulletin calls attention to the fact that the chief danger of gasoline is from the vapor which it gives off, which when mixed with air is more dangerous than gunpowder. Gasoline vapor, being heavier than air, falls to the floor and is moved about by drafts. The red can law is intended to restrict the numerous accidents which have resulted from mistaking gasoline for kerosene and using it in ways which are possible with kerosene but very dangerous with gasoline.

MRS. JOHN HUCKER DEAD

**Dies at Her Home Here Tuesday Evening,
Aged Sixty-Four Years**

Tuesday afternoon Mrs. J. M. Hucker who has been a patient sufferer for the past five years, passed to her reward, near the hour of five o'clock. A number of years ago her health began to fail and physicians then told her that her malady was an incurable one, but she had never really given up until about three or four weeks ago when she became so weak that she could no longer walk about. From that time on she never left her bed and it was apparent to all, that her time on earth was very short, it being at that time discovered that a cancer of the liver as well as a case of tuberculosis had developed.

Sarah Westlake was born May 30, 1849, in Somersetshire, England, and came to America with her father and two brothers, in 1856 and settled in Lake county, which has been her home ever since.

October 14, 1869 she was united in marriage to John M. Hucker at the parsonage at Sand Lake, shortly after their marriage they purchased the old Emmons farm south of town where they resided until a few years ago when they moved to this village to reside. Four years ago Mr. Hucker passed away, and from that sad blow she never recovered. To them were born two children one son, William who also passed away two years ago thus adding another sorrow to her life, and one daughter Sophia, who with her husband and children remain to mourn her loss. Besides her daughter and family she is survived by two brothers, William and Joseph Westlake one brother-in-law George Brown, one daughter-in-law Mrs. Vida Hucker Mooney and her 5 children and Mrs. Jennie O'Brien whom she raised from childhood. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hucker were faithful christians having united with the Methodist church many years ago.

The funeral services will be held at the M. E. church at 2 o'clock Thursday afternoon with Rev. A. J. of Chicago officiating. The burial will be beside her husband in the hillside cemetery.

ST. PETER'S CATHOLIC CHURCH BAZAAR COMMITTEES

A complete account of the bazaar given for the benefit of St. Peter's Catholic church, cannot be had before next week. However judging from the number of those who are willing to assist on the entertaining program, that department of the bazaar promises to excel even that of last year. The ladies of Lake Marie are giving a large card party preliminary to their booth at the cottage of Mrs. E. J. Gneadinger on Lake Marie Wednesday, August 6, at 2:30.

Their ambition is to present a booth this year which will be specially attractive. Their great endeavor will be to exhibit something that will surpass the "Summer Garden" booth of the ladies of Channel Lake.

The ladies of Antioch will have quite a novel booth too. It will be known as the "New England Kitchen".

The Ladies are largely represented this year. The following is a list of the patronesses:

Fox Lake—Madams Mat Benner, M. Murphy, M. J. O'Brien, W. J. Brinkman, W. Unier, E. C. Howard, Chas. R. Macleod, T. E. Owens, J. P. O'Donough, George Lomax, Frank Lomax, Martin Lomax, Col. John Vidvard, Martin Callaghan, Senator Francis Brady, W. T. Mayapple, J. Croke, M. Conton, Wm. Gladar, A. S. Thane, W. C. Herbert, Jos. Finn, J. L. Shaw, P. Joyce, B. and C. Niggemeyer.

Pistake Lake—Thos. Flynn, T. A. Cummings, Sr. T. A. Cummings Jr. A. T. Street.

Woolster Lake—George McIntire, J. J. Finn.

Long Lake—J. R. Graham, M. E. Hennebery, the Misses E. & S. Hennebery, Miss C. Walsh.

Round Lake—Robert Switzer, J. E. Maloney, R. S. Rolly, Geo. Renehan, J. W. Renehan.

Cedar Lake—Bert Elwis, J. P. Johnson, C. B. Dicks, John Curly, Thos. Tully.

Cracked Lake—P. A. Grady, M. McNichols D. Burke.

Sand Lake—J. N. Donnelly.

Deep Lake—T. D. Sexton.

Loon Lake—E. J. Perkins, C. B. Smith.

Catherine Lake—W. J. Stoll, Miss M. Carroll.

Channel Lake—M. J. Walsh, J. J. O'Heron, Misses M. & J. O'Heron, Judge McGourty, M. J. Corboy, F. M. Corboy, John A. Corboy, Misses Burke, Deneen, George Mason, Frank Hogan, M. P. Gleason, J. W. Baker.

Lake Marie—J. P. Bowler, W. J. Henderson, T. W. Heyforth, M. Hayes, John J. Hayes, W. J. Powell, Louis Morris, Judge Burke, George Shepard, Ellen Monahan, W. M. Sheridan, Chas. Venn, Paul Junkie.

Bluff Lake—Pae. Wennigman, J. Wennigman, W. H. Willie.

Pette Lake—J. J. Jennings.

Druce Lake—W. H. Kellcher, Hugh McCauley.

LAKE CO. FARMERS ARE AHEAD

**Organizer Morse is Securing
Many Farmers to Join
Association**

FARM EXPERT CERTAIN

**Farm Improvements Organization is Pro-
gressing Very Satisfactory
So Far**

The first week spent by Stanley F. Morse, organizer and farm expert among the farmers of Lake county has been a busy one. Mr. Morse reports that 66 per cent of the farmers seen have joined the association, and are anxious to commence business as soon as possible, and get the adviser onto their farms. This is away ahead of any other county in Illinois in percentage of farmers who are supporting this movement; the proportion in other counties has been from 10 to 25 per cent. No up-to-date farmer can afford to stay out of this organization. It has been predicted by many that those county organizations are the nucleus of a "country-wide farmers' organization that will solve many of the marketing problems with which they are now contending. It should be thoroughly understood that these farm improvement associations have for their objects first; to increased profits to put city conveniences in farm homes; third, by the foregoing to demonstrate to the farm boys and girls that farming can be both profitable and pleasant, and that the old farm beats the city for a happy and independent life.

The outlook of many farmers is that the employment of county farm experts will so increase crop yields that low prices will result. There is no question out that if it were possible to approximately increase our total production of staple crops in a very short time, a reduction in prices would result. But when it is considered that it usually takes three to five years to build up a piece of land, that on an average only 20 per cent of the farmers are joining these organizations, that the farmers whose increased yields would be most likely to cause an over production are not the ones who are interested, that the demand is ahead of the supply, and constantly growing, that new commercial uses are being found for crops, and that our present problem is one of distribution, it will be seen that there is no danger of over producing for many years to come. And by the time that our production has materially increased, its distribution will have been arranged for. However, most of the farmers are not worrying about over production because they know that the average production of corn per acre, for instance, is about 36 bushels. It costs on an average of \$15 to produce an acre of corn; hence with corn at 50 cents per bushel, this means an average profit of \$3.00 per acre. Yet how many farmers must be producing 30 bushels or less per acre to make up this average.

The farm expert sees some things that he doesn't always like to call the attention of some farmers. He sees many farmers producing first class crops and yet losing money. Why? The manure may be so handled as to lose 50 per cent of its fertility. The implements and machinery may be so treated as to depreciate 20 per cent per year instead of 10 per cent (a normal depreciation.) The fields may be arranged or the rotation system planned so that time is lost in attending to the respective fields. The farm buildings may be inadequately equipped and poorly arranged and the corn crib and silo so badly located that twice as much time is taken to feed and care for the live stock as is necessary. Machinery may be in use that does not save, as much labor as it ought. Then again, not enough leguminous feeds are being grown and the feed bill is higher than it needs to be, or a well balanced ration is being fed to cows that cannot produce enough milk to pay for their board. These are some of the dollars and cents problems that Lake county farmers and the farm advisor must get together and solve.

OPPOSES PARCEL

**Rail Road Makes an Appeal
Against Parcel Post**

Railway representatives are fighting to prevent Postmaster Burleson from increasing the parcel post packages through the mails and reducing rates, to become effective August 1. A delegation representing the roads generally throughout the state laid their complaint before the senators and representatives and prepared to protest formally against the change too the interstate commerce commission.

The movement in the senate to forestall the department change by repealing the section of the parcel post law under which the Postmaster General claims the right to regulate rates and sizes further crystallized when Senator Bryan of Florida introduced a joint resolution to repeal the legislation in question.

Another development was postponed until later in the week of the explanation demanded by the Senate postoffice committee of Postmaster Burleson of his authority to inaugurate the change.

In protesting against the changes the railway representatives said that at present the roads received 60 percent of the pay collected by express companies for the carrying of packages and complained that they would lose from \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000 a year on business the government would take from the express companies through the reduced rates and increased maximum limit on the size of the packages.

It was also pointed out that the roads would receive no compensation from the government for carrying the very business for which the express companies had paid them millions. It was urged that in the enactment of the parcel post law Congress allowed the railroads 5 per cent additional pay for the increased business placed upon them, and that if the proposed changes were to be made the roads would be entitled to a further increase in compensation. The delegation suggested that the matter would be carried to the courts if necessary.

JULY WEATHER REPORT

**Furnished By J. C. James, the Local
Weather Man**

July 1913—Warmest day 98 on the 30. Coldest day 42 on the 11. Average temperature 71.29. Rainfall 3.45 inches.

July 1912—Warmest day 95 on the 16th. Coldest day 46 above on the 19th. Average temperature 71.90. Rainfall 8.70 inches.

July 1911—Warmest day 105 on the 5th. Coldest day 46 above on the 26th. Average temperature 74.04. Rainfall 1.28 inches.

July 1910—Warmest day 99 on the 1st. Coldest day 47 above on the 19th. Average temperature 75.23. Total rainfall 83.100 inches.

July 1909—Warmest day 99 on the 28th. Coldest day 45 on the 5th. Average temperature 68.88. Total rainfall 1.15 inches.

July 1908—Warmest day 98 on the 11th. Coldest day 49 above on the 1st. Average temperature 72.25. Rainfall 4.29 inches.

July 1907—Warmest day 90 on the 24th. Coldest day 51 above on the 27th. Average temperature 72.12. Total rainfall 2.02 inches.

July 1906—Warmest day 96 on the 22nd. Coldest day 47 above on the 7th. Average temperature 71.12. Total rainfall 1.65 inches.

July 1905—Warmest day 94 on the 18th. Coldest day 48 above on the 23rd. Average temperature 68.51. Total rain 5.80 inches.

July 1904—Warmest day 96 on the 16th. Coldest day 42 above on the 2nd. Average temperature 71.62. Rainfall 4.41 inches.

July 1903—Warmest 95 day on the 8th. Coldest day 50 above on 31st. Average temperature 71.62. Rainfall 6.60 inches.

July 1902—Warmest day 93 on the 28th. Coldest day 41 above on the 14th. Average temperature 72.58. Total rainfall 5.90 inches.

July 1901—Warmest day 104 on the 10th. Coldest day 44 above on the 8th. Average temperature 77.3. Total rainfall 2.85 inches.

Waters Cooled Vegetables
A patent was recently granted for a scheme for preserving vegetables in a receptacle, through which cool water is constantly passing.

There's a Middle Ground
We blame equally him who is too proud to place his power upon his own merits, and him who prides too highly his life on worth—Goethe

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

He Twists Letters Like Mexican Juggling Lariat



WASHINGTON.—Frank B. Willis, the rising young statesman from Wool Town, Ohio, who pulled down the spelling laurels in the recent Press Clubs' night entertainment, had better study up that bluebacked speller, because there's another chap in town who can twist the letters round his tongue like a Mexican greaser juggling a lariat. This same fellow is Wrisley Brown, special assistant attorney general of the department of justice.

Some time ago a correspondent who purported to be a college professor wrote a letter to President Taft complaining that the recurrence of crime waves was due to malign thought impulses hurled about by detectives of the department of justice. Then the detectives would issue forth and arrest these law breakers, according to the writer, in this way working up a reputation for efficiency. The writer also said he had appeared before the senate "third degree" committee, and that his views were greeted with loud

guffaws. In conclusion he said: "They laughed, Mr. President," he wrote, "at the profundity of their own ineptitude."

The letter was referred to the department of justice, and Wrisley Brown was asked to prepare an indorsement for it. There was a scream of laughter when Brown turned in a burlesque opinion, couched in words which outranked the professors' ten to one. They say President Taft chuckled all day over it. And as for big words—just watch:

"After careful reflection," wrote Wrisley Brown, "I concur in the physical theorems herein deduced by the complainant. His conclusions regarding the auto-suggestion of crime are fully borne out by the history of human experience. Its insidious effect upon the mind has a pronounced tendency to bring on aboulomania or cretinism of the will power, combined with a choreic condition of the faculties."

"In some cases, it has even been known to induce katatonia or some more serious dissociation of the mental elements of a luetic character and furbund developments such as, for instance, confusional encephalomalacia."

"The application of the third degree annihilates the inhibitory powers of the average victim and plunges him into a state of volitional hypnosis, thereby breaking down the fundamental doctrine of free agency."

How John Burroughs Found a Place to Sleep In

JOHN BURROUGHS, accompanied by two well known naturalists, Ernest Thompson-Seton and Glenn Buck of Chicago, was a recent visitor to the capitol.

At the capitol Mr. Burroughs gazed with thoughtful eyes directed toward the imposing, glistening white, marble senate office building.

"Beautiful building, isn't it?" he was asked.

"Huh! Yes," was the slow response.

"But," he added, "I would a whole sight rather gaze at a scene I remember so distinctly. I had visited a small hamlet in a state that was 'dry.'"

"I looked about, but could find no place to sleep. It took only a few minutes to traverse the settlement. There was only one place where a light could be seen. The nature of the business being transacted there was apparent to all who cared to understand. It was a so-called 'blind tiger.'"

"Seeking rest there was out of the question, but I was tempted to enter and ask for information. As I was hesitating, a faint light in a building



opposite showed, and in a few minutes the form of a man, partly dressed, appeared in the doorway and began an unsteady course for the blind tiger. "I did not stop him, but as he entered the place of liquor dispensing, I entered the place he vacated, blew out the light and cast myself into his bed, which was warm."

"It seemed hours later when I was awakened by a reeling Swede."

"Ah bare thanking you've my bade," he began.

"Man," I replied. "You've been to the blind tiger."

"That was enough. The man was too dazed to think. He turned about, by degrees, and walked out of the place. I don't know where he went, but probably back to the blind tiger."

Calamitous Cessation for Bobby's Little Lamb



IT is an admitted fact that Mary had a little lamb, but it may be news to the general public that Bobby Blank, who lives out Georgetown way, had another. Leastwise, he had, until the other day, when his ownership came to what one might briefly call a calamitous cessation.

Bobby had been week-ending with a little cousin who lives out in the country two hours by wagon, on a hill, off the pike. Little cousin owned a pet lamb, and when the wagon was waiting for Bobby he, somehow, managed to sneak pet off and get away with the goods.

The wise men who make the world go round for us assert that character changes with environment, and it must be so, for, by the time the wagon

had wheeled up to the home curb the small white thing that had been as docile as those other dear lambskins that skip on the forever-green grass in the way-back spelling book, took on a kiddish butting velocity.

Bobby's mamma was waiting to welcome little son as he hopped out of the wagon, dragging the lamb at the end of a string. The first thing the two knew the lamb had butted in and sprawled them, mother and man-child, on the pavement.

A crowd developed with a suddenness that suggested it must have swarmed up from the crevices in the bricks.

The little lamb got busy and butted around at the human fringe with skillful impartiality, until a particularly big man gave it what was intended to be a down-and-out kick. But it wasn't. Not for the little lamb. As for the man—but maybe he wouldn't like it mentioned; some people are so delicately sensitive—and, anyhow, maybe he would have done better if the little lamb had given him a second try, but it wasn't that sort of a little lamb. It preferred to streak off like white lightning—and maybe it is streaking yet.

Some Mighty Beautiful Things in the Constitution

SENATOR TOM MARTIN of Virginia is radically different from most statesmen from the sunny south. He is not an orator. On the contrary, he is usually so silent that he makes the Sphinx seem like the star book agent for an installment publishing house. As some of his constituents like to say: "Tom takes his'n out in 'thinkin' and actin'."

But while Martin says little, he listens much. And when he does finally break into speech his words are to the point.

Some time ago there came up, in the senate, a bill on which there was a bitter fight. Straightway several of those senators who have come to be known as "constitutional sharks" leaped to their feet one after another, in high sounding and resounding protest.

"Shall we, unworthy as we are, dare to violate either the letter or the spirit of our beloved constitution?" they demanded. "Never—never—not one iota—NEVER!"

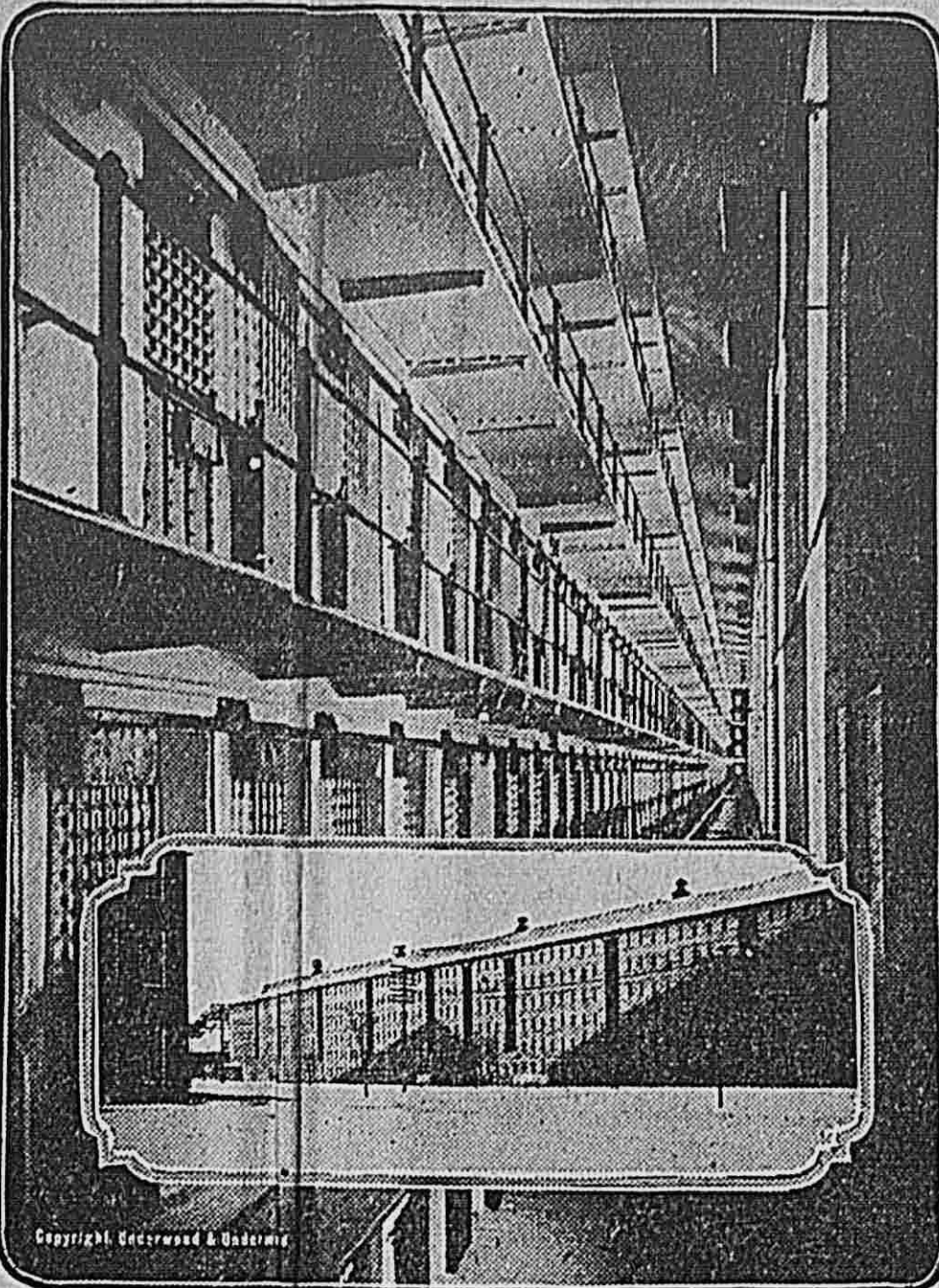
Martin listened calmly until all had done. Then he rose slowly and draped himself gracefully over one edge of his desk.



"Mistah President," said he in his soft drawl, "I yield to no man, suh, in my respect for the Constitution and its framers. They did well. They did nobly, suh—fah their time. But, Mistah President, those gentlemen have been dead mo' than one hundred years, suh, and times, suh, have changed. We've got to remember that, suh."

"An' remembering that, Mistah President, what I started to say was this: There are some mighty beautiful things in our Constitution. It's a beautiful work, suh. But, Mistah President, of all the beautiful things in all that beautiful work, to my mind the mos' beautiful of all are those glorious words, suh, givin' us the right to amend."

GRAY PALACE OF ATONEMENT



INTERIOR OF SING SING AND INTERIOR SHOWING CELLS

YOU can see it from the river, or you can see it from the road; either way it looks very much the same. If you brought to look at it an Eskimo from the northern seas or a native of the Tonga Islands asked him what he thought it was he would say:

"A prison!" Every stone in the big, low, dark building spells prison. Every narrow slit of a window, every grill of iron bars, every foot of thick wall, every glint of a sentry's gun—they all spell prison.

Sing Sing is its name, and when it passes and is succeeded by a new prison the new one's name will be Sing Sing, too. So long as New York endures and men are wicked, there will be, somewhere, a Sing Sing.

Some buildings grow old gracefully. But Sing Sing, at the end of a hundred years, grows musty in every stone and at every angle. It is grim, repelling, suggesting all the horrors of its mediaeval prototypes—if, indeed, it is not actually mediaeval itself.

Has Special Function.

Yet, to the city of New York, which has most to do with it, Sing Sing is not only a prison. It is the cold gray palace of atonement. It has a special function for the metropolis. It slays the city's players.

New York furnishes the stage setting for any crime. It provides the principal and his victim. Its labyrinthine streets serve as a place for the criminal in his flight. Its police make the pursuit and, usually, the capture. Its lawyers make the pleas, for and against. Its juries find the verdict. Its judges pass the sentence. But when the sentence is death, the city turns to the old gray dungeon in Westchester county and says: "Take him; he is yours—to kill."

And so the last the man sees of the city is at the moment when he steps from the carriage to take the train. His lawyers have told him they will appeal his case. He knows that he will not die the next day, nor the next week, nor the next month. He still has money and the lawyers are sanguine. Surely they will win for him.

On the train he sits, with his lawyer, in the smoking car, and the two guards sit behind them, very placid and pleasant, but with very serious revolvers in their pockets.

They get out at Ossining station. It used to be Sing Sing station, but the people of the village got it changed because they did not like to say, when visiting in other towns, that they came from Sing Sing. People laughed, and Ossining is a serious town.

At the Ossining station, whenever a train arrives, there is always a line of old-fashioned, two-seated carriages. The town is a hilly one, and it is a steep walk either to the business section or the prison.

Brooks No Delay. Then he sees the cold gray palace of atonement that squats square and flat, its western edge touching the Hudson river. A door is open and the carriage stops in front of it. The prisoner goes in.

Sing Sing begins to grind its machinery.

It brooks no delays and stands on no formalities. The guards from the city surrender their man to the guards of the prison. He is led into the office at the left. A clerk takes his name, age, place of birth, occupation and what else is needed for

the record. Opposite this record is put down his number. His pockets are emptied and a careful inventory made of everything in them. If he leaves Sing Sing his watch and keys and money will be given back to him—or to his heirs and assigns. No more does the property of the felon revert to the state.

He is shaved by the prison barber, and if his hair is too long to be considered sanitary, from a prison point of view, it is cut, but not shaved. He is photographed from both sides and in front and his measurements are taken for the Bertillon system.

Stripes went out of use at Sing Sing years ago. The prison garment is of dark gray. If the cloth were fashionably cut any man could wear a suit of it. The prisoner dons a suit of this, shakes hands with his lawyer, who has been fidgeting about, and is led away.

One rainy afternoon, as he lies on his cot, a keeper with no stomach for his errand comes to the door of his cell. He has his little speech ready and fires it quickly.

"Sorry," he says, "but the court of appeals sustains the finding of the lower court."

When his last morning comes he is ready, and the clergyman is at his side, talking so earnestly that he does not notice it when the keeper silts his trouser leg from bottom to knee. He pays little attention as the prison barber quickly cuts the hair from the crown of his head. He is ready when the cell door swings open, and he follows the priest and his flaring candle.

From the curtained cells come the last goodbyes of the rest of the condemned company, some of them to follow him that very morning. He walks bravely through the black door.

And now he is at of the gray walls and in a little brick house of one room. It is about twenty-five feet square. Its woodwork is oak, brightly varnished. Even the back of the black door is yellow. The walls and ceiling are as brightly blue as the bluest sky of spring.

No furniture is in this room except the chair, the chair of atonement, made of yellow oak and leather straps. He sees it and knows its purpose, but the priest is still talking and he listens. The talk is carrying him far away from the room of blue and oak. It is little to him, now that they are fastening the wet electrodes to his head and to his leg where the trousers were slit. It is even less that the pipelike fixture above him is lowered so that its wires fasten to the electrode.

From the lethal stores of energy's most mysterious realm, liberated by a hand unseen, 1,800 volts of lightning leap down the pipelike fixture. Sing Sing has done what the law bade it do.

Great Poet Not Methodical.

Tennyson, like Mrs. Browning, was careless regarding his manuscripts. Some weeks after leaving his lodgings in Mornington place, Hampstead, he wrote from Bonchurch, telling Coventry Patmore that he could not find his "book of elegies—a long, butcher-ledger-like book," and asked him to make inquiries. Patmore went to Mornington place and, being allowed to search the poet's old rooms, found the book in a closet where Tennyson had kept his tea and bread and butter. It was the unpublished manuscript of "In Memoriam."

SPLendor OF ALPS

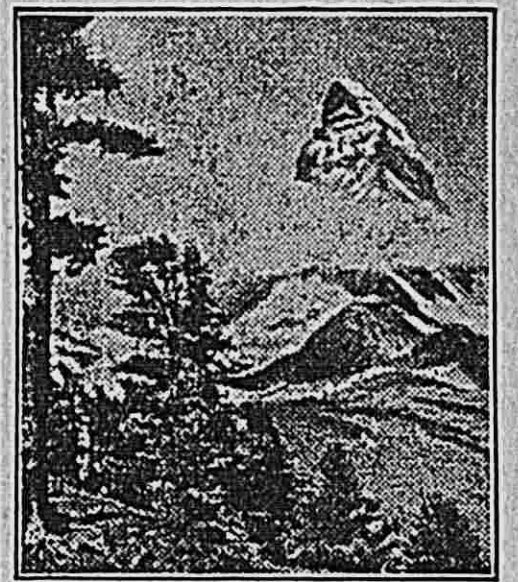
Gorgeous Coloring of Peaks at Sunrise and Sunset.

Phenomenon is Most Complex, Varying Greatly With the Weather, and at Times Exhibiting Features That Appear Mysterious.

London.—Everybody who has sojournd among the Alps, or other snowcapped mountains, must have admired the gorgeous coloring of the peaks at sunrise and sunset. Watching the splendid spectacle from day to day, that it is a complex phenomenon, varying greatly with the weather, and sometimes exhibiting certain peculiarities that to the uninitiated are decidedly mysterious.

In fine weather the following sequence of events may be noted: When the sun has sunk nearly to the observer's horizon, the peaks to the eastward begin to have a reddish or golden hue. This fades gradually, but in a few minutes, when the sun is a little below the observer's horizon, but the peaks are still bathed in direct sunlight, an intense red glow begins down the slopes and moves upward to the summits. This is identical with the rosy "twilight arch" that in clear weather rises from the eastern horizon as the sun sinks below the western; and it is bordered below by the blue shadow of the earth. Now, for a few minutes, the peaks are in the earth shadow; their rocks and snows assume a livid appearance, aptly described by the inhabitants of the vale of Chamounix, whence the phenomena in question are well seen on the summits of Mont Blanc, as the "lute cadaverouse."

Presently occurs the remarkable phenomenon known as "recoloration" or "afterglow." In Chamounix it is called "the resurrection of Mont Blanc." The peaks from which all color had faded, again assume a rosy tint; but this time gradually, and without any sharp line of demarcation between the glow and the shadow beneath. The recoloration is by no means a daily occurrence—in fact, it is rather uncommon—and it varies greatly in appearance and duration. Sometimes it lasts until an hour after sunset, and it passes away from below upward. Very rarely a faint sec-



"Resurrection of Mont Blanc."

ond recoloration may be seen. All these phenomena may be seen, in reverse order, at sunrise, though they are less common then than at sunrise.

The recoloration of the Alps has been variously explained, but there seems to be little doubt that it is due, at least principally, to the reflection from the peaks of the rosy glow which forms in the western sky after sunset, known as the "purple light," and which is sometimes intense enough to constitute a secondary luminous source. The diffuse appearance of the recoloration, as compared with the well defined zone of rosy light that rests upon the peaks while the latter are still in direct sunlight is explained by the broad expanse of the "purple light" as compared with the small disk of the sun. Sometimes the sky itself (i. e., the fine dust in the upper atmosphere) reflects the "purple light," giving rise to a "second purple light" for an observer situated at a suitable angle of vision. This in turn may be reflected by the mountains giving the rare phenomenon of a second recoloration.

MEN GET IMITATION MONEY

Passaic, N. J., Grocermen Carry Bogus Roll in Expectation of Highwaymen.

Passaic, N. J.—Learning from experience when they were held up and robbed of \$150 in genuine money, a year ago, Benjamin Goldberg and Julius Verban, partners in a produce business here, have ever since carried a goodly quantity of bogus money around, ready to fool the next highwaymen they encountered. Their chance came when two masked men held up their wagon at the point of revolvers and forced the men to empty their pockets of \$10,000—in bogus bills. The robbers fled, with the grocermen gleeful because their real money—\$110—was safe beneath the wagon seat.

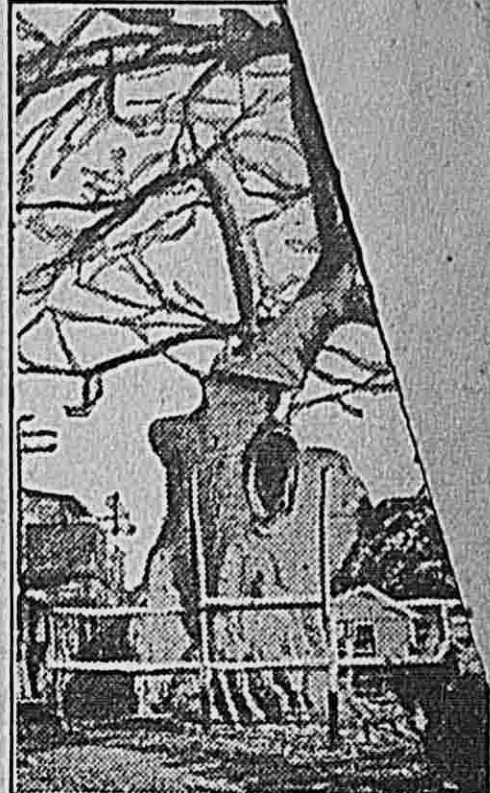
Baby Pig Society Woman's Pet.

Denver, Colo.—A baby pig is the latest society pet. Mrs. Whitney Newton, prominent in society here, is the owner of a baby pig, of which she is very proud. Its skin is washed, combed and perfumed every day and it sleeps in a downy bed every night near its mistress.

PRIZED RE

Ancient Celba Him on of

Santo Domingo bank at Santo of the Dominica ruined city wall Celba tree to w lumbus tied hi sinking caravel refuge in the ri age of discovery more than a ce discoverer landed its bark a leaden placed there by the country for t On the heights abov



It Sheltered Columbus.

(Old Celba tree in Santo Domingo to which he tied his sinking caravels on his first voyage to the new world. The tree is over 50 years old and is carefully guarded by the government of Santo Domingo.)

ruin of the Casa de Colon, the first building of European construction in the western hemisphere. The giant Celba is regarded with veneration by the natives and is protected under a special act of the Dominican congress. It was known to the Indians as the "council tree" and in its shade the Spanish conquerors signed the numerous treaties with the then powerful tribes of the interior, which were always violated at the first opportunity by the Spaniards. Of these aboriginal inhabitants little is known, as they were practically exterminated during the 300 or more years of Spanish domination. Within the great buttressed trunk of the Celba, hollow now with age, there is room for half a dozen persons to stand erect. Each year the tree is carefully inspected for signs of disease or decay and the trunk whitewashed to protect the bark from insect pests.

LONG CHASE AFTER BAD MAN

Bold Horse Thief and Highwayman Will Not Trouble Idaho Any More.

Gooding, Idaho.—The horse thief and stickup man that has been making free with the peace of three counties was apprehended at Galena, a ranger station about thirty-five miles north of Ketchum.

The fellow, who was given a different name every time he was arrested, stole a horse and saddle from a man at Bliss, rode from there to prairie and held up a saloon. returned to Bliss via the corrals in the mountains, raised Cain generally.

Constable Pinkham of Gooding, who answered the call of the man wanted, arrested him at the hotel at Sheriff Bliss at Gooding. The prisoner walked pursued took a shot in his rifle, of which he neglected to relieve.

Pinkham abandoned nothing was done till up the trail. He means of an oddly and followed him then north over the tains and up Willow est rangers were n the man and horse ed up at Galena he all night.

It was his inten second ranger app but when he atten vitation was rap a revolver. The an hour later.

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LOCAL ITEMS

Local Announcement the
Elgin Butter Man

ELGIN, ILL., July 21—The committee declared butter at 26c.

Fishing tackle, at Hunts. adv

Binding twine at Hunt's. adv

Dr. Hesse guaranteed fly chaser at Webb's. adv

Mrs. Bristol of Chicago is visiting at her home here.

Mrs. Percy Hawkins and baby are visiting relatives in Indiana.

Joseph Panowski is building a new house on his lot on North Main street.

Miss Marguerite Webb of Chicago visited Antioch relatives over Sunday.

Walter Garaska of Chicago was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. James over Sunday.

□ E. C. Sabin is improving from day to day and his friends hope to see him out soon.

Rev. Stixrud left Monday morning for Louisville, Kentucky, on a two weeks' vacation.

Mrs. Johannott and daughter Marie left Wednesday for a two weeks visit with relatives at Hebron.

For Sale—Red top slough hay, on East Side of Petite Lake. T. R. Crane 451 N. May street, Chicago. 46 w2 adv

Wanted—Position as housekeeper by a widow with experience. Best of references. No objections to a farm. Address F. B. Lake Villa, Ill. adv

Dr. Barber, Optician, will be in Antioch at the residence of H. J. Barber, on Thursday, August 7. All work guaranteed. School children examined free through August.

Priscilla Conrad entertained a number of her young friends at a birthday party at her home Tuesday evening. She was the recipient of many pretty gifts.

The ladies of Lake Marie have announced a card party preliminary to the bazaar, to be given at Gneadinger's cottage on Lake Marie (Merriwood grove) Wednesday afternoon, August 6, at 2:30 o'clock.

The Catholic ladies of Antioch will hold a meeting at the home of Mrs. Jos. Savage Tuesday afternoon, Aug. 5, at 2:30 o'clock for the purpose of discussing plans for the bazaar to be held the week beginning Aug. 18 and ending Aug. 23.

George Renehan last week placed 20,000 bass in Round Lake which he secured from the state hatchery. Why would not be a good plan for some of our proprietors to get busy and see what could be done in this direction for the lakes surrounding Antioch.

Agents Wanted—Highest cash weekly and part expenses. Outfit free. Home territory. Experience unnecessary. Our contract the fairest ever written. Under our plan you can make \$20 per week and up, over and above expenses. Write Hawks Nursery company, Wauwatosa, Wis.

The home talent play given under the direction of Mr. Lowrie for the benefit of the M. E. church, at the opera house on Thursday and Friday evenings of last week was considered a success from every point of view. The first evening the house was packed to its fullest capacity and \$110 was taken in. That everyone was thoroughly pleased with the production was clearly evinced by the good crowd that attended the second evening. In all \$178 was realized and after all expenses were paid Mr. Lowrie and the committee divided the remainder on the basis of share and share alike.

M. E. CHURCH NOTES

Next Sunday morning the Sunday school will have charge of the services beginning at 10:30 a. m., as usual. At the evening service the Epworth League will have charge. Don't fail to attend these services, while the pastor is on his vacation.

The pastor is visiting relatives in Kentucky and expects to be gone two weeks. He will also visit the famous Mammoth Cave while there.

The end of the conference year will soon be here and the pastor will leave for Freeport the last of September. The stewards are now trying to collect the subscriptions for the support of our church including the pastor's salary, janitor, heat, light etc. During this year the people of Antioch have been very generous in helping to pay our parsonage debt and the pipe organ. All subscriptions for those causes however were taken with the understanding that they were not to take place of the regular subscriptions to the church. So please do not tell our stewards that you gave to the pipe organ and therefore cannot give towards the pastor's salary, that will make him suffer which would hardly be "a fair deal." Everybody will help, we can pay our pastor's salary and all other expenses entirely out of debt by conference time.

Hay, straw and oats at Hunts. adv

Bran and middling at Hunt's. adv

Nobby things in boy's suits. Chase Webb. adv

Harold Williams of Chicago was out over Sunday.

Rolan Christofferson of Chicago visited relatives here Sunday.

Mrs. W. T. Taylor is spending this week with her daughter in Waukegan.

Miss Ruth Barlow of Chicago was the guest of Miss Elizabeth Webb on Tuesday.

Dr. Beebe will move his office from the Klein building to the Osmond building on east side of Main street.

Dr. Barber, Optician, will be in Antioch at H. J. Barber's every two weeks. His next date is August 7.

Wanted—Six or seven room house in good repair in the Village of Antioch. Inquire C. W. Hill, Goodrich Lumber Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Wilton of Boswick, Neb., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Wilton this week.

For Sale—A nine room house with barn and garden in the Village of Antioch. Inquire of Sam Strahan, Antioch. 45 w3 adv

House and lot for Sale—Lot 11 in Simons addition in Village of Antioch. Known as the Mary E. Williams property on Orchard st. 1w adv

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Stone and family of Beloit, Wis., called on old friends in Antioch Tuesday afternoon, having made the trip in their auto.

Wm. Kneen and family and Charles Kneen and friend all of Hyde Park visited their aunt, Mrs. J. R. Cribb the latter part of last week.

F. M. Johnson and family and Mr. and Mrs. Higbee of Marengo, Ill., spent Sunday with T. A. Somerville and family making the trip by auto.

The ladies of Channel lake met Wednesday afternoon at the cottage of Mrs. M. J. Corby at which time they laid plans for their booth at the bazaar.

For Sale—A small second-hand 3-spring wagon; will hold 5 milk cans, for \$10, also a 22-foot sail boat, cost \$200 for \$25. F. E. Groth, Loon Lake. 46tfadv

The friends of Warren Orn, who was hurt in an auto accident a week ago, will be pleased to learn that his condition is more favorable for a speedy recovery.

Lost—Big White Russian Deer Hound Sunday morning just south of Antioch city limits. Return for reward to Fred W. Dobe, Long Lake, Ill. Phone Round Lake 19we. 1w adv

Thomas Coole returned on Tuesday from a three week's trip in Iowa. He brought back samples of three kinds of oats which are considered above the average. He reports the corn crop as the best in the history of Iowa.

For Rent—The cement block building at Loon Lake across the street from the milk platform, ground floor furnished for store and second floor six large newly decorated living rooms. Inquire L. Armstrong or John Palmer, Antioch. 2w adv

Last Saturday afternoon Miss Belle Hughes gave a miscellaneous shower in honor of Mrs. Nason Sibley, (nee Hazel Tiffany) at her home on Park avenue. About twenty-five guests were present and a most enjoyable time was had by all. The bride was the recipient of many beautiful gifts.

His Turn Coming.
"What are you going to do when you grow up, if you don't know how to read, write and cipher?" asked a school teacher of a lazy, stupid boy. "I'm going to be a schoolmaster, and make the boys do all the reading, writing and ciphering," replied the boy.

Soured on Afternoon Tea.
"Then you don't like these afternoon teas?" "Too rough on the nerves. Here's the situation: I gotta hold a sandwich in my mouth, a plate of cake in one hand, a cup of tea in the other, and nothing to set anything on but a grand piano."

Quick Composition.
Bishop Heber, while on a visit to his father-in-law, Dean Stanley, wrote "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," in fifteen minutes, making only one correction, the change of "savage" for "heathens" in the second verse.

Built That Way.
Rankin—"Every time I get up to try to make a speech I can feel my knees knocking together." Fyle—"Naturally. If your legs beat outward, as mine do, you lead of bending inward, you wouldn't have any of that trouble."

Not Worried About That.
Clergyman (visiting prison)—"I hope that when you are released you will live so that you can look your fellowman straight in the eye." The Bunco Man—"That is the simplest part of my business."—Fack.

Cement at Hunt's. adv

Try Webb's cream. adv

Mrs. Chas. Smithing relatives at Necedah, Wis.

Miss Francis Kacker is the guest of Miss E. Ba.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Hayes of Waukegan on Monday 28, a son.

Mrs. Frank Savadgaughter are spending this week friends in Chicago.

The Antioch Juniors play the Lake Marie boys at Marie next Sunday.

Misses Elsie and Williams of Chicago visited the folks over Sunday.

Misses Maude Brand Florence McGreal of Kenosha over Sunday in Antioch.

For Sale—Five thralls old Jersey boars. Can be bred. A. M. Stickle, Route 3, Ar. adv

A ball game between Keffeler and Antioch is planned to place on the Antioch grounds next day.

Up-to-date men's st Webb's. adv

Fancy cream cheese Webb's. adv

I wish to announce the ladies of Antioch that I am red to do all kinds of hair work. A. Williams. adv

Lost—An Elk toothbrush, set in gold. The finder will be rewarded by returning to J. J. Morley, Antioch. adv

For Sale Cheap—got Mullens pressed steel motor bopod as new. Call Antioch phone 501. P. Johnson, Bluff Lake resort. 44tf adv

For Sale—80 acres old near Russell station, short dce west of Desplaines River. Reasonable Address A. Redmond, East 50th, street, Chicago, Ill. 45 w4 adv

Isaac Myers and A McKenna of Chicago were married the News office Tuesday forenoon. C. James, Justice of the Peace, forming the ceremony in the presence of friends of the contracting parties.

For Sale—At Lake Vii room frame house with stone foundation, lot 100x 166, fine well and dist all kinds of fruit, only \$1600. Get. Hall, 167 W. Washington street, Chicago. Phone Franklin 353. 42ml adv.

For Sale—1913 motor cycles and motor boats at bin prices, all makes, brand new makes, on easy monthly payment planlet our proposition before buying you will regret it. Also bargains in motor cycles. Write us today. Ene stamp for reply. Address lock 11, Trenton, Mich. 42 10w adv.

Notice

All delinquent pan still owing their Poll Tax for 1918 must be paid at once and save costs.

Signed J. A. Story, J. M. Dunn, J. Bates.

Commissioner of Highways of the Town of Antioch, Ill.

Fine Art of Living.
An Antioch girl spends much of her time visiting home a study of the art and is a very successful guest. One of the things she does upon arriving is call her hostess and family into room and exhibit every rag shown. She empties boxes, trays and trunks to the bottom layer. She says it saves her hostess the trouble of snooping among her things whe she is out—Antioch Globe.

Couldn't Go With Him.
A well-known lawyer Boston had a horse that always sped and refused to cross the mid dam bridge leading out of the city. No whipping, no urging, would induce him to cross without stopping. So a advertised him: "To be sold, for nother reason than that the owner wits to go out of town."

Health Tip.
Locomotor ataxia is chronic, progressive disease of the nervous system. It affects the spinal cord particularly. On this account it interferes with muscular co-ordination. It causes the gait of the patient to be irregular and uncertain.

Sad Lesson.
A—"You don't seem to have any life in you. Is there nothing or nobody over which you can enthuse?" B—"Nothing at all. I once became enthusiastic over somebody, and a short time afterward she became my wife. That was a sad warning to be to avoid enthusiasm."

Merit and Modesty.
Men are too much occupied with themselves to have leisure to know others thoroughly, or to discern their real character; hence it happens that with a great merit and a greater modesty, one may be a long time lost sight of.—La Bruyere

Broken Screw.

To remove a screw with one side of the head broken off, place the screwdriver against one side of the head and with a small block press firmly against the screwdriver, at the same time turning the screwdriver and the block. The screw will come out almost as easily as if the head was intact.

Small Boy Killed by Fowl.

A fowl killed a two-year-old child at St. Brieux, France, a few days ago. The little fellow was playing outside his parents' house when a large Cochon China cock attempted to take a piece of bread from his hand. The child and the cock struggled for the bread, and the cock attacked the child and hurt him so badly that he died shortly after.

Sucrose in Many Fleshy Roots.

Sucrose is found in the fleshy roots, such as the beet, carrot, turnip and sweet potato, but thus far it is only from the beet that it has been obtained in quantities commercially profitable. The beet root today yields by far the greater part of the world's sugar supply.

Unchanged.

"That's just like Jim," said the widow, wearily, after a snapping curtain had knocked over the urn in which all that was mortal of her cremated husband had been placed and spread its contents on the floor. "Always dropping his ashes everywhere!"—Harper's Weekly.

What Mother Did.

Percy Noodles says speaking of automobiles, that when he asked the capitalist's daughter the other night how her father got his start, she replied that her impression was that her mother found him in neutral and cranked him up.

Truth and Judgment Day.

In Truth there is no especial day of judgment. Every day now is a judgment day. Judgment is being administered for every thought, word and action. The day of judgment is the time in which we experience the results of our own creations. Oftentimes we are not conscious of the judgment day, but, even so, we are constantly arriving at the judgment day.—Arthur D. Dall, in Unity.

Noble Mr. Winkler.

"I was a fool ever to marry you," sobbed Mrs. Winks. "Now, my dear," said Mr. Winks, nobly, "I cannot permit you to take the blame for that. It was I who was the fool for ever asking you. The mistake was not yours, but mine."—Harper's Weekly.

When Beauties Suffer.

A London writer says that the beautiful American woman is very beautiful, but she lacks feeling because she has not suffered enough. Still a lot of them overcome that drawback when they wed English titles.—Philadelphia Enquirer.

Just a Suggestion.

Local man has been granted a divorce because his wife complained he didn't make her heart throb. Better have this throb business inserted in the wedding ceremony instead of the obey injunction.—New York Evening Telegram.

Main Duties of Life.

To do with as few things as we can, and, as far as we can, to see to it that these things are the work of freemen and not of slaves; these two seem to me to be the main duties to be fulfilled by those who wish to live a life at once free and refined, serviceable to others, and pleasant to themselves.—William Morris.

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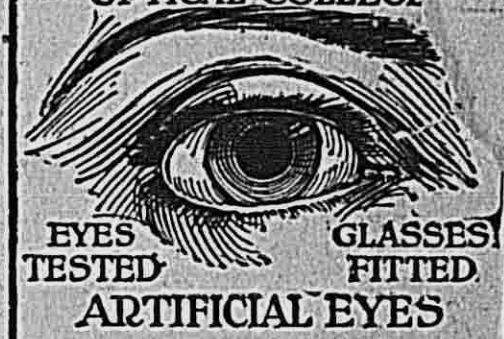
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GOING SOME

A ROMANCE OF
STRENUOUS AFFECTION

BY
REX BEACH

SUGGESTED BY THE PLAY BY
REX BEACH AND PAUL ARMSTRONG

Illustrated By
Edgar Bert Smith

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SYNOPSIS

Cowboys of the Flying Heart ranch are heartbroken over the loss of their much-prized champion in a foot-race with the cook of the Centipede ranch. A house party is on at the Flying Heart. J. Wallingford Speed, cheer leader at Yale, and Cubert Covington, inter-collegiate champion runner, are expected. Helen Blake, Speed's sweetheart, becomes interested in the loss of the champion. She suggests to John Chaplin, sister of the owner of the ranch, that she induce Covington, but loses. At the Flying Heart, however, she wins back the champion. Helen declares that if Covington won't run, Speed will. The cowboys are jubilant over the prospect. Speed and his valet, Larry Glass, trainer at Yale, arrive. Helen Blake asks Speed, who has posed to her as an athlete, to race against the Centipede man. The cowboys join in the appeal to Wally, and fearing that Helen will find him out, he consents. He insists, however, that he shall be entered as an unknown, figuring that Covington will arrive in time to take his place. Speed begins training under Glass's direction. The ladies fix up training quarters for Speed.

CHAPTER VII.—continued.

"No, indeed," Jean corrected, "he will merely use this room to train in."

"How do you train in a room?" Stover asked her.

"Why, you—just train, I suppose."

Miss Chaplin turned to Glass. "How does a person train in a room?"

"Why, he—just trains, that's all. A guy can't train without trainin' quarters, can he?"

"We thought it would make a nice gymnasium," offered Miss Blake.

"Looks like business," Stover's admiration was keen. "I rode over to Gallagher's place last night and laid out our bets."

"How much have you wagered?" asked Fresno.

"More'n we can afford to lose."

"But you aren't going to lose," Miss Blake said, enthusiastically.

"I got Gallagher to play some records for me."

"Sillas on Fifth Avenue?"

"Sure! And 'The Holy City,' too! Willie stayed out by the barbed-wire fence; he didn't dast to go in. When I come out I found him ready to cry. That desperado has sure got the heart of the str—"

"An' for that photograph—he's so fond of it," spoke sympathetically.

"A fortunate thing for you fellows," that Speed came when he did, in anxious for him to beat this cook, and I hate to see him so careless with his training."

"Careless!" cried Helen.

"What's he done?" inquired Stover.

"Nothing, so far. That's the trouble. He's sure he can win, but—Fresno shook his head, doubtfully—"there's such a thing as overconfidence. No matter how good a man may be, he should take care of himself."

"What's wrong with his trainin'?" demanded Glass.

"I think he ought to have more rest. It's too noisy around the house; he can't get enough sleep."

"Nor anybody else," agreed Glass, meaningly; "there's too much singin'."

"That's funny," said Stover. "Music soothes me, no matter how bad it is. Last night when we came back from the Centipede Mr. Fresno was singin' 'Dearie,' but I dozed right off in the middle of it. An' it's the same way with cattle. They like it. It's part of their nature."



He No Champeen?"

duty when he's night-ridin'—then the atmosphere with afford to spoil Speed's gues the young man, much at stake. Am I as? lost fat men, Lawrence of his rest, and since the Flying Heart his ad been shortened con—once he agreed with

"Of course I'll do my best, if you think it's really important."

"Thank you," said Stover gratefully, while Fresno congratulated himself upon an easy victory.

The two girls took Speed's trainer with them, and went forth in search of the young man.

"It's up to you fellows to see that he gets to bed early," said Fresno, when he and Stover were alone.

"Leave it to us. And as for gettin' up, we turn out at daylight. I don't reckon he could sleep none after that if he tried." Stover pointed to the striped elastic coils of the exerciser against the wall. "I didn't want to speak about it while they were here," said he, "but one of them young ladies lost her garters."

"That's not a pair of garters, that's a chest-weight."

"Just wait for what?"

"Chest-weight—chest-developer."

"Oh!" Stover examined the device curiously. "I thought a chest-developer came in a bottle."

Fresno explained the operation of the apparatus, at which the cowman remarked, admiringly:

"That young feller is all right, ain't he?"

"Think so?"

"Sure! Don't you?"

Fresno explained his doubts by a crafty lift of his brows and a shrug. "I thought so—at first."

Stover wheeled around him abruptly.

"What's wrong?"

"Oh, nothing."

After a pause the foreman remarked, vaguely: "He's the intercollegit champion of Yale."

"Oh, no, hardly that, or I would have heard of him."

"Ain't he no champeen?"

"Champion of the running broad smile and the half-mile talk perhaps."

"Ain't he a foot-runner?"

"Perhaps. I've never seen him run, but I have my doubts."

"Good Lord!" moaned Stover, weakly.

"He may be the best sprinter in the country, mind you, but I'll lay a little bet that he can't run a hundred yards without sustenance."

"Without what?"

"Sustenance—something to eat."

"Well, we've got plenty for him to eat," said the mystified foreman.

"You don't understand. However, time will tell."

"But we ain't got no time. We've made this race 'pay or play,' a week from Saturday, and the bets are down. We was afraid the Centipede would welsh when they seen who we had, so we framed it that way. What's to be done?"

Again Fresno displayed an artistic restraint that was admirable. "It's none of my business," said he, with a careless shrug.

"I—I guess I'll tell Willie and the boys," vouchsafed Bill apprehensively.

"No! no! Don't breathe a word I've said to you. He may be a cracker-jack, and I wouldn't do him an injustice for the world. All the same, I wish he hadn't broken my stop-watch."

"D'you think he broke it—a-purpose?"

"What do you think?"

Stover mopped the sweat from his brow.

"Can't we time him with an ordinary watch?"

"Sure. We can take yours. It won't be exact, but—"

"I ain't got no watch. I bet mine last night at the Centipede. Willie's got one, though."

"Mind you, he may be all right," Fresno repeated, reassuringly; then hearing the object of their discussion approaching with his trainer, the two strolled out through the bunkroom, Stover a prey to a new-born suspicion, Fresno musing to himself that diplomacy was not a lost art.

"You're a fine friend, you are!" Speed exploded, when he and Glass were inside the gymnasium. "What made you say 'yes'?"

"I had to."

"Rot, Larry! You played into Fresno's hands deliberately! Now I've got to spend my evenings in bed while he sits in the hammock and sings 'Dearie.'"

He shook his head gloomily. "Who knows what may happen?"

"It will do you good to get some sleep, Wally."

"But I don't want to sleep!" cried the exasperated suitor. "I want to make love. Do you think I came all the way from New York to sleep? I can do that at Yale."

"Take it from me, Bo, you've got plenty of time to win that dame. Eight hours is a workin' day anywhere."

Glass chuckled. "The whole thing is a bit. Look at this joint, for instance." He took in their surroundings with a comprehensive gesture. "It looks about as much like a gymnasium as I look like a contortionist. Why don't you get a Morris chair and a mandolin?"

"There are two reasons," said Speed, facetiously. "First, it takes an athlete to play a Morris chair; and, second,

and, a mandolin has proved to be many a young man's ruin."

Glass examined the bow of ribbon upon the lonesome piece of exercising apparatus.

"It looks like the trainin'-stable for the Colonial Dames. What a yelp this place would be to Covington or any other athlete."

"It is not an athletic gymnasium," Speed smiled as he lighted a cigarette. "It is a romantic gymnasium. As Socrates once observed—"

"Socrates! I'm hep to him," Glass interrupted, quickly. "I trained a Greek professor once and got wised up on all that stuff. Socrates was the Hemlock Kid."

"Exactly! As Socrates, the Hemlock Kid, deftly put it, 'In hoc signatur vintage.'"

"I don't get you."

"That is archaic Scandinavian, and, translated, means, 'Love cannot thrive without her bower.'"

"No answer to that telegram yet, eh?"

"Hardly time."

"Better wire Covington again, hadn't you? Maybe he didn't get it?"

"I promised Mrs. Keap that I would, but—"

Speed lost himself abruptly in speculation, for he did not know exactly how to manage this unexpected complication. Of one thing only was he certain; it would require some thought.

"Say, Wally, suppose Covington don't come?"

"Then I shall sprain my ankle," said the other. "Hello! What in the world—"

Still Bill Stover and Willie came into the room carrying an armful of lumber. Behind them followed Carara with a huge wooden tub, and Cloudy rolling a kerosene barrel.

"Where do you want it, gents?" inquired the foreman.

"Where do we want what?"

"The shower-bath."

"Shower—I didn't order a shower-bath!"

"No; but we aim to make it as pleasant for you as we can."

"If there is anything I abhor, it's a shower-bath!" exclaimed the athlete.

"You just got to have one. Mr. Fresno said all this gymnasium lacked



Carara Followed With a Huge Wooden Tub.

was a shower-bath, a pair of scales, and a bulletin board. He said you'd sure need a bath after workin' that chest-developer. We ain't got no scales, nor no board, but we'll toggle up some sort of a bath for you. The blacksmith's makin' a squirtle to go on the bar!"

"Very well, put it wherever you wish. I shan't use it."

"I wouldn't overlook nothin', if I was you," said Willie, in even milder tones that Stover had used.

"You overwhelm me with these little attentions," retorted Mr. Speed.

"Where you goin' to run today?" inquired the first speaker.

"I don't know. Why?"

"We thought you might do a hundred yards agin time."

"Nix!" interposed Glass, hurriedly. "I can't let him overdo at the start. Besides, we ain't got no stop-watch."

"I got a reg'lar watch," said Willie, "and I can catch you pretty close. We'd admire to see you travel some, Mr. Speed."

But Glass vowed that he was in charge of his protegee's health, and would not permit it. Once outside, however, he exclaimed: "That's more of Fresno's work, Wally! I tell you, he's Jerry. He'll rib them pirates to clock you, and if they do—well, you'd better keep runnin', that's all."

"You can do me a favor," said Speed. "Buy that watch."

"There's other watches on the farm."

"Buy them all, and bring me the bill."

Before setting out on his daily grind, Speed announced to his trainer that he had decided to take him along for company, and when that corpulent gentleman rebelled on the ground that the day was too sultry, his employer would have none of it, so together they trotted away later in the morning, Speed in his silken suit, Glass running flat-footed and with great effort. But once safely hidden from view, they dropped into a walk, and selecting a favorable resting place, paused. Speed lighted a cigarette, Glass produced a deck of cards from his pocket, and they played seven-up. Having covered five miles in this exhausting fashion, they returned to the ranch in time for luncheon. Both ate heartily, for the exercise had agreed with them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Extravagance Wasted.

"What's doin'?" asked the tall plumber. "You're all dolled up."

"Had a date with my best girl," explained the short bricklayer. "But aren't you going to keep it?"

"I showed up all right, but she wasn't there."

"That was pretty tough."

"I wouldn't care," said the short bricklayer. "Only I went and had my shoes shined all for nothing."

—Youngstown Telegram.

THE COST OF THE BATTLE LUST

THE REEXPERIENCES OF
A REAL IRRRECTO

FRED VINCENT WILLIAMS

© BY RIDGWAY CO

THE was lost. Every most sangu Mosby's dare-dadmitted that. So the manner of thud, they broke this-line into a hu pieces and bu in twos and threes scattered cast over the sun-baked, cactu hills—soldiers of fortune, insus of Mexico no longer; merely who had broken the laws of a land were feeling for their lives.

It had but onet in view—this fighting machine into bits, that had taken up one of a country other than its ond that was to cross the Amer border and there seek the protect the stars and stripes, under a folds every mother's son of idlery had been born.

My bunkle averse on the left flank when they came. Something hit that ank and melted it, twisted and ted it like so much steel put flame. I did not realize what it t the time, but I do now. It was wattery, a living, breathing incarn of hell in the shape of machuns, handled by men who knew to use them.

Our wing of my melted in its hot breath. Who had fought standing, kneelfen who kneeled, lay down, tried my myself in the bosom of Mother and, Mother Earth being badobe in that particular spot, I to my heels.

It was the thing of the end. Everybody was ling, so what was the use of rang? They were ten to one agals, this enemy, and artillery to boBesides, our old-fashioned slingding Springfield were being played against repeating rifles of the lapattern. And the ammunition was ling low.

Even thus I ned as I ran, pell-mell, for the ur, four long miles away. In my there loomed before me the fat our wounded at Tecate and theodletting of the Alamo.

Somebody ged the toe of my boot and I sped headlong into cactus and rock. I was a wounded comrade, an Acan like myself, only a boy at whose ruddy face I had often set our troop mess or over some mooring campfire of Baja California.

His shoulder been shot away. A leg was crus below the knee. There was no for his life, but he wanted to be away.

"For God's s don't leave me, pal!" he cried."They'll burn me, they'll kill me s," he moaned.

For a moment as stunned by the fall, but the be pathetic appeal brought me to senses and burned into my brain re it will forever remain.

I looked arou me. There were wounded men, st of them boys, clutching at the fleeing comrades, beseeching them to leave them to the mercy of the Mexican rurales.

Yet these mawhom I had seen cheerfully face with many times, men who had lated in a foreign cause unafraid die in battle, but standing ever ortal terror of the torture chambers the battle fields of Mexico.

The th Rain.

For a momenty manhood returned and the masre fear left me. I would shoulder a maimed bit of humanity, stagger the line with my burden, over the cruel, never ending hills which I st scale with my charge before I reached safety.

I staggered my feet, but the zip-zip of the "dumdums," those same "dum-dums" th had crippled this boy brought mack to a realization of my peril.

An instant ltered in holsting him to my had but the boy seemed to divine my ange of heart. He gripped me aga, this time with a dying man's clch which I could not and would n shake off unless I broke his arm.

So I shouldered the bleeding little figure and labed forward, the while he murmured, "Good boy, good boy," and the bullet of the Federals ever hissed and scetched in my ears.

Something me up in my path. It barred my progress. It was shattered by shot—a human form—scarce recognizable nowr the blood that stained it from head to foot. But a voice husky with lin and terror begged me not to lead him.

Fled as from an Enemy.

I fled from his dying man as I fled from the enemy. Dodged him as he reached for e. As I passed him from his reach he tottered back on the

ground with a cry of despair that left with me another memory.

My legs were growing numb from the exertion of it all. Ahead of me fled the army, or what was left of it. Behind me echoed the wall of the wounded, the vivas of the victorious Federals, the hiss and scream of their bullets. Ever present was the memory of the Alamo and Tecate, where our wounded and those of our fellows taken prisoners had experienced living hells before death relieved them of their torment.

On and on I stumbled, falling now and then, but always my burden. It had ceased to urge me forward, this maimed bit of boyhood, but its lone arm still encircled my neck with a vise-like grip that at times made it almost impossible to breathe.

Sounds of the battle left me now. I no longer saw men. I dared not stop, however, for fear of not being able to rise again, but at last I stumbled and fell with my burden for the last time. For a long time I remained on the ground, breathing heavily and resting.

How sweet that rest was. I cared not for Federal soldado or rural. Let them come! I would sleep. The weight slipped from my back and I breathed freer. I must have lain there for an hour. When I arose the little figure at my side did not speak. I bent over him. He had cheated the torture chambers. They could not get him now. From his pocket a worn and thumb-marked bit of paper protruded. In the hope of learning his name I read it.

It was a message from a mother to her son. There was no post-mark. No address. Nothing to lead to his identity. Just "Jim, come home. Mother needs you. Your little sister and I pray for you every night. We are very lonely with you away. Come home, dear boy."

That was all. Just a good-by message—the last he was ever to receive from that little mother somewhere in the states. If she could see her boy now!

The Price of the Wanderlust.

"And what did he die for?" I asked myself. "What would I have died for? Just the battle-lust, that is all. The something inside of us that makes us soldiers of fortune. The wanderlust! I buried him, in the night, on the side of a hill where the soil was softer



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and a little grass grew. A nameless grave with not even a mark to show that a body rested there.

Perhaps the mother may read these lines and recognize in the little soldier of fortune her boy. At least she may console herself with the thought that his flesh was not food for coyotes; his bones not bleaching white in the sun like two hundred others of his comrades who in five short months paid the penalty of the battle-lust in Mexico.

As for myself, I stole like a thief in the night across the border and surrendered to the United States authorities. With ninety-three of my fellows I was penned up in Fort Rosecrans at San Diego for five days, while the government in Mexico we had sought to overthrow pleaded for our possession. Uncle Sam refused to give us up, but he kept our general, darling young Jack Mosby, veteran of five wars, beloved of his men, who is now at the naval disciplinary barracks Puget Sound, for taking French leave of the United States navy when the Mexican war cloud broke.

Of the ninety-three who survived that bloody day which cost us so many men, some are now fighting in the Balkans under different flags, and, if the powers of Europe clash over the division of the spoils, I feel that I must join them, even at the penalty of the cost!

Ugliest Man the Most Married.

Lupungu, chief of the Basong, one of the wealthiest chiefs in the Congo, is a much-married man, for he is the proud possessor of 300 wives, for each of whom he pays a yearly tribute of two francs to the state. This, however, is not his sole claim to distinction, for he has also been d by the officials of the province. He is ugliest man on earth." "With it reason," says Vice-Consul Calak, who describes him as a villainous-looking native possessing but one eye, and a countenance horribly scarred by small-pox.

As a young child, Lupungu was deserted by his father, and afterwards adopted by a sub-chief. In later years, he persuaded the glibbule natives that his one eye gave him certain occult powers; he then made friends with a band of Arab traders, and with their assistance made war upon his father whom he conquered and succeeded as chief of the Basong.

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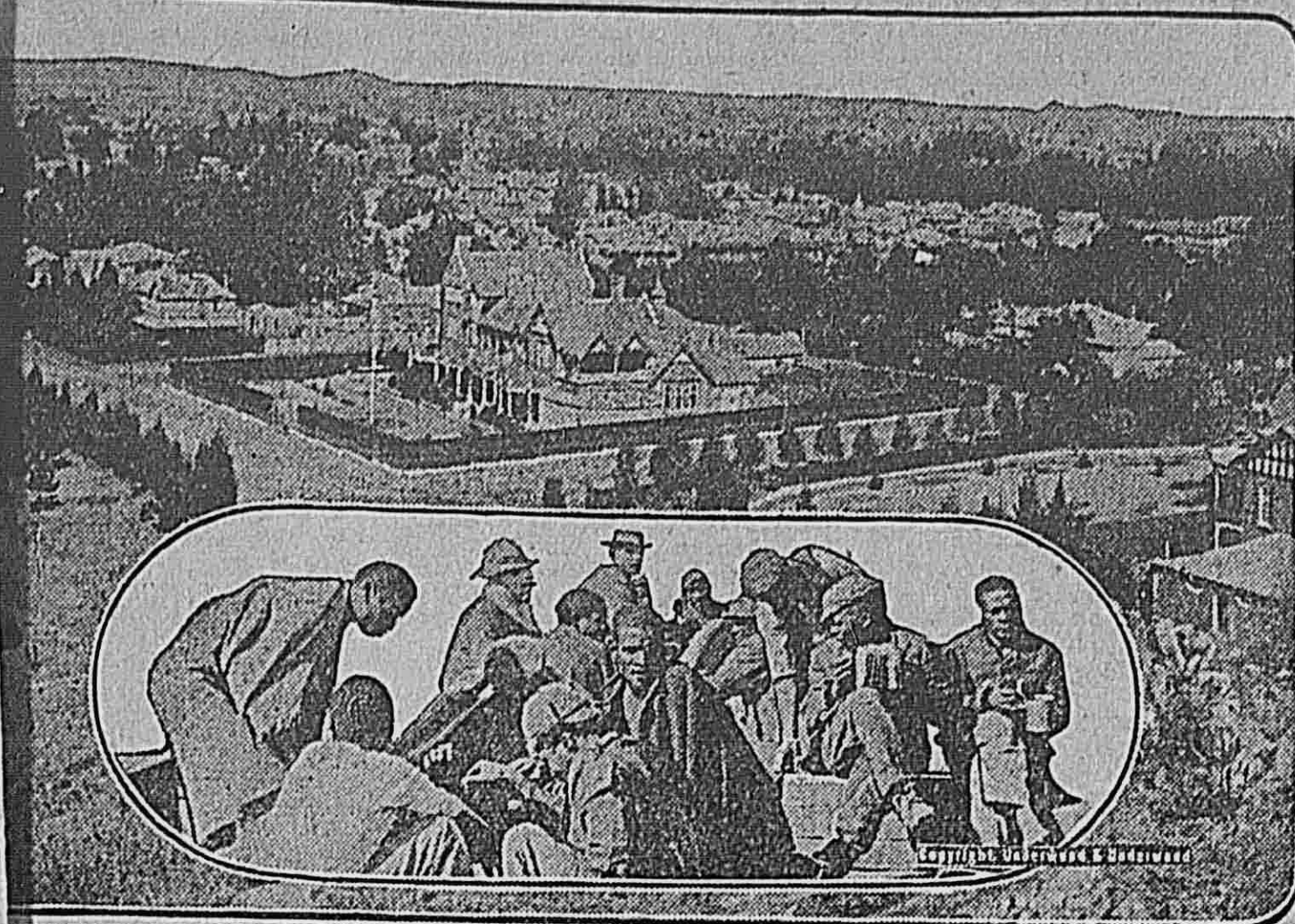
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SCENE OF BLOODY STRIKE RIOTING



Our illustration shows a general view of Johannesburg, South Africa, where the strike of miners has led in bloody battles with the soldiery and police. The inset shows a typical crowd of colored miners.

ORDER OF CZAR

as Savin, Adventurer, Released From Riga Prison.

ional Swindler, "Man of the In Russia, Now Earns Non-Living—Was Street Car Conductor in Chicago.

ow, Nicholas Savin, the no-Russian adventurer who calls himself Count Nicholas de Toulouse-Lautrec, has been released from prison by the czar's manifesto of May. When the count came out of prison he had only three rubles in his pocket. He has earned 5,000 rubles in a Moscow newspaper in putting his diary and a cinematograph film has paid him \$1,500 for illustrating his life. In Russia he is a man of the hour.

Known to the police all over Europe and America as an exceedingly accomplished swindler, who speaks half a dozen languages and whose speech is the passing off on the public of forged bonds and securities.

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wonderful stories of escapes from Siberia and is, in fact, the most brilliant artist in modern fiction.

WAR WHEN THE WHALE COMES

So Think the Superstitious Ones Who Watch Over the Delaware Bay.

Chester, Pa.—Superstitious people of this city believe that the whale which was recently seen in Delaware bay is a precursor of war. They refer to past omens of a similar character, reciting that the whale which came up the Delaware river in 1812, was a precursor of the War of 1812, and that in 1860, one year before the outbreak of the Civil war, a whale came up these waters to Philadelphia. This latter whale Edward Culen, a veteran fisherman of this city, avers he saw. He says:

"It was just this way. It was during the summer of 1860. Horace Davis and I were out in a boat fishing. It was a little dark, and we had a lantern. I was drawing in the net and Davis was banking it. All of a sudden Davis said: 'Ned, there's a vessel upside down out there.' I looked, and saw a thing that had the appearance of the hull of a craft upset. 'See how swift the tide speeds by it,' said Davis.

"We'd got pretty close to it then, and I lifted the lantern to take a good look. Just then there was a terrible splash and the water went clear up into the air out of that thing, just as though a powder magazine had busted.

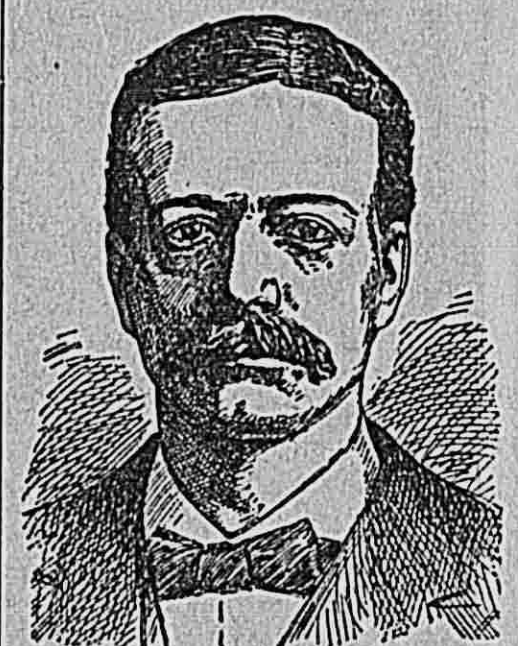
"I dropped the lantern, and Davis and I grabbed the oars, and we didn't stop until we got ashore. There wasn't any steamboat on the river that could have beaten us that trip. When

that whale was caught up near Kensington she had fishermen's nets around her to stock two or three ship stores. She had dragged them off the bottom of the Delaware as she crawled up toward Philadelphia."

LAUDS AN AMERICAN SCHOLAR

Temps Devotes Its Leading Editorial to the Visit of Harvard University President.

Paris.—The Temps devotes its principal editorial to the visit of Dr. Abbott Lawrence Lowell, president of Harvard university, describing him as "one of the leaders of American



Dr. Abbott Lawrence Lowell.

thought whose presence among us will still further tighten the bonds of mutual esteem and ardent sympathy between France and the United States." The Temps points out that the advent of Dr. Lowell in Harvard coincided with the reaction in favor of French methods. Previously German methods had reigned exclusively in American universities.

COYOTES ARE NEARLY EXTINCT

Closed Ranges and Bounties on Scalps Causing Extinction of Animal.

Cottonwood Falls, Kan.—According to stock raisers and farmers of this county the coyote seems to be fast becoming extinct. The fencing up of the big pasture districts in this and neighboring counties, where practically every acre is now stocked with cattle, has robbed the coyote of his once free and open range.

Because of his depredations on young and helpless domestic stock a bounty has been set on his head and he has long been a fugitive, hunted and killed by every farmer. The bounty of a dollar which is paid by the county for every coyote scalp turned in probably more than any other cause is responsible for the decreasing wolf population.

In order to get the reward many farmers, and especially the farmer boys, not only trap and kill coyotes whenever the opportunity comes, but have made a practice of hunting the coyotes' dens and robbing them of their young. For the scalp of a baby wolf, though only a few weeks old and innocent of any wrongdoing, is the same in the eyes of the law as would be that of a veteran chicken killer.

Only a few years ago the county money paid out in this county alone for coyotes ran as high as \$300 or \$400 annually. Now, it is said, the number will hardly reach 100 a year. The bringing in of a dozen or more scalps by one farmer, which was once so common, no longer occurs.

The greater part of these bounties are collected in the spring months before the mother wolf has left her den with her family. So persistently have the farmers carried on the warfare of extermination that the coyotes which rear their families in safety must be cunning indeed. Though this may seem cruel, yet from long experience the farmers have found that in a stock-raising country the coyote has no place. Were they left to multiply even for a few years so great

would their numbers become as to be a scourge to the country.

NAP RUINS JUDGE'S DIGNITY

"Is That You, Eugenie?" He Asks When Roused from His Slumber in Court.

Paris.—"Oh! sleep, it is a gentle thing, beloved from pole to pole!" But people who indulge in forty winks at the wrong moment get into trouble sometimes.

Two judges of the Seine tribunal are inflicted rather badly by the judicial habit of napping, and the other day during a case in which they were on the bench in company with the president of the court the influence of the heat waves combined with the tedious pleadings of an uninteresting case sent them into a profound sleep.

According to a report that has aroused much merriment in legal circles one of the judges, being roused by the toe of a colleague, gently pressed against his calf, murmured, "Is that you, Eugenie?" and awoke to wonder why the court was dissolved in laughter.

Old House Has 365 Windows.

London.—The late Lord Northampton owned one of the show places of England in Compton Wyngates, in Warwickshire, one of the finest examples of a half timbered house to be found in England. It is a splendid specimen of Tudor architecture, with battlemented towers and mullioned windows, and has been preserved intact from the days of Henry VIII, whose arms appear over the gateway. No two of its chimneys are alike and there are 365 windows.

First Woman Jury's Verdict.

San Francisco.—The first woman jury to appear in a felony case in California returned a verdict of not guilty after two hours' deliberation in the case of a woman on trial for an alleged attempt at blackmail.

HOW TO BE GENTLE

Vulgar Familiarity Never in Good Form.

Old Englishman's Advice and Warning Against Calling Men and Women by Christian Names on Short Acquaintance.

When our forefathers spoke of a man's "address" they meant his whole social bearing. Nor was it by mere freak or accident of language that the word thus exchanged a narrower for a wider significance. A man's way of accosting a stranger, or even an acquaintance, or even a friend, reveals a good deal of his character and goes a long way toward distinguishing a gentleman from a boor. "Good manners are easy and free, but a 'free and easy' manner is an abomination. My attention," says a writer in the Manchester (England) Guardian, is invited to the subject by one of those young inquirers who writes as follows:

"I attached no particular importance to the questions until a few weeks ago. . . . And now I would ask what experience has taught you. Is one to call every Tom, Dick and Harry by his Christian name, or plain Brown, Jones and Robinson, prefixed with 'Mr.' according to age? Is one to call every Joan, Jane and Betsy by her Christian name, or merely Miss So-and-So?"

I must not indicate my correspondence by the name of the place in which he dwells, so for the nonce he shall be "Tom Fytton," named after a very attractive hero who suffered from rather similar embarrassments; and to my friend Tom I would at the outset impart a salutary warning which I received very early in life.

"When you once are on terms to call Christian names, you are on terms to quarrel." This somber truth, even if it stood alone, should be a deterrent from premature and needless intimacies. I fancy that Cowper, who had the double sensitiveness of the gentleman and the poet, must have been smarting from some experiences of this sort when he wrote his stanzas on Friendship:

The man who calls you Tom or Jack, And proves by thumps upon your back How he esteems your merit, Is such a friend that one had need Be very much his friend indeed To pardon or to bear it.

And the odd thing is that the men who are thus offensively friendly always seem to imagine that they are making themselves extremely pleasant; they are too blind to see the annoyance which they cause and too thick headed to feel that their clumsiness is resented. Warned by their example, let Tom Fytton confine himself to surnames until he is really sure of his ground; and then, when acquaintance has led to intimacy, he will find that the Christian name slips insensibly and inevitably into its place.

There is no greater error than to mistake vulgar familiarity for "gentlemanlike ease," but there is a familiarity which is not the least vulgar, and "gentlemanly" has no necessary connection with social rank. Some of the truest gentlemen I have ever known have been miners, and I have seen agricultural laborers whose manners no instruction could have mended.

Is Tom to call Joan, Jane and Betsy by their Christian names? No. I cannot say it too often or too plainly. To a man, every woman should be a divinity; and the slightest touch of familiarity or free and easiness is inconsistent with that reverence which should be his instinctive attitude. It is true that my favorite heroine, Die Vernon, encouraged Frank Osbaldison to set convention at defiance. "Call me Tom Vernon, if you have a mind, but speak to me as you would a friend and companion." But then Die, with all her charms, was a bit of a holden, and had learnt her manners from her brutal cousins. Frank, who was a gentleman, as well as a good fellow, declined to take her at her word, and at their final parting (as it seemed) she was still to him "Miss Vernon."

If a forward or conceited youth presumes to be "free and easy" with what he will probably call a "girl," he is likely to receive a snub which will abide with him, to his great advantage, all his life long. So direct familiarity is difficult and dangerous, and the bolder generally has sense enough to avoid it. But he compensates himself indirectly by speaking of girls, behind their backs, by their Christian names, though he knows full well that he dare not so call them to their faces. There he shows himself a coward as well as a cad, and Tom Fytton will perhaps find an opportunity of telling him so.

New Use for Old Chairs.

Do not throw away your old chairs. By cutting them down you can make them useful for the front steps. Take a saw and cut off the back legs entirely, and then measure the depth of the step and cut off the front legs so that they will just reach the next lower step. In this way the chairs will fit on the steps, and the fact that they have back rests makes it a pleasure to sit on the steps summer evenings.

Grief and Remorse.

"No," said the stage manager, "you are the heroine. You are supposed to suffer more than anybody else in the play. You must put yourself into a frame of mind which represents grief and remorse."

"I know," replied the leading woman. "I'll try to make myself believe I'm one of the people who paid two dollars to see this play."

The earth's fertile area is estimated at 28,269,200 square miles.

CURE FOR ASTHMA
Asthma, 50c, cure or money refunded. Druggists, or Dr. Ets Drug Co., Chicago. Adv.

Sizing It Up.
Bacon—What did you give for that cigar you're smoking?
Egbert—Nothing.
"Is it good?"
"Well, it's good for nothing."

Don't Reach That Far.
Bacon—The United States makes enough paper money each year to reach twice around the world.
Egbert—That's queer. Very little of it reaches me.

Of Interest to Investors.
Kelsey, Brewer & Company, Bankers, of Grand Rapids, Mich., have issued for free distribution an interesting leaflet on public utility securities, their stability and market value.—Adv.

Poor John.
"John," said Mrs. Newlywed, "I've got to have some money and some new clothes and some new shoes and a hat and a new coat."
"Gracious!" replied John, "you don't have to have all that, do you?"
"Well, I really do, but I'll compromise on the money."

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE,
The Antiseptic powder shaken into the shoes—The Standard Remedy for the feet for a quarter century. 30,000 testimonials. Sold everywhere. 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, L. E. Roy, N. Y. The Man who put the E. E. in F. E. E.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty. Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

Allen Wood

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

Don't Poison Baby.

FORTY YEARS AGO almost every mother thought her child must have PAREGORIC or laudanum to make it sleep. These drugs will produce sleep, and a FEW DROPS TOO MANY will produce the SLEEP FROM WHICH THERE IS NO WAKING. Many are the children who have been killed or whose health has been ruined for life by paregoric, laudanum and morphine, each of which is a narcotic product of opium. Druggists are prohibited from selling either of the narcotics named to children at all, or to anybody without labelling them "poison." The definition of "narcotic" is: "A medicine which relieves pain and produces sleep, but which in poisonous doses produces stupor, coma, convulsions and death." The taste and smell of medicines containing opium are disguised, and sold under the names of "Drops," "Cordials," "Soothing Syrups," etc. You should not permit any medicine to be given to your children without your or your physician's knowledge of what it is composed. **CASTORIA DOES NOT CONTAIN NARCOTICS**, if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*.

Late hours and a spicy breath are sure to tell on a man.

CURE HAY FEVER
Sanguinets (50c) eaten like candy, cures or money refunded. Dr. Ets Drug Co., Chicago.

Enthusiast.
"An up-to-date preacher, you say?"
"Yes. His sermons are bristling with motor car metaphors."

Do They Eat Them?
Yeast—I see exports of American horses are increasing. Last year the value of our horseflesh sent to foreign countries was nearly \$5,000,000. **Crimsonbeak—Mercy!** What eaters those foreigners are, to be sure!

Something to Remember.
"Now is the time to pitch in and achieve, now, now!" said Norman Haggood in an eloquent political address in New York.
"Remember, my friends," said Mr. Haggood, "the present is the future from which you hoped so much."

Never Again.
"Going to get out here and stretch your legs?" asked one passenger of another.
"What place is it?" asked his companion.
"Chicago."

"No. I had one stretched here once."

No Wonder He Was Angry.
The previously accepted lover was infuriated when one evening he called on "the only girl" and was informed by her that their engagement was at an end.

"If you insist, Grace Cheever, on breaking off our engagement, I will publish in the Oakdale Times the letters you have written me."
"As you please," she replied indifferently, toying with her bracelet. There is nothing about those letters I need be ashamed of—except the address.—Lippincott's.

Serious Obstacle.
Customer—When that gentleman offered to buy goods and have you take the bill out in trade, why did you refuse?
Grocer—Because he's an undertaker.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Honk! Honk!
"Did she come to the door when you serenaded her with your mandolin?"
"No; but another fellow came along and brought her out with an auto horn."

TO CURE PILES
Esculetts, 50c, eaten like candy. Cure or money refunded. Dr. Ets Drug Co., Chicago. Adv.

Cheap people are always looking for something cheaper than themselves.

Treat Them
to the treat of treats—always welcomed, by all, everywhere—
Coca-Cola
Sparkling with life—delightfully cooling—supremely wholesome.
Delicious—Refreshing Thirst-Quenching
Demand the Genuine—Refuse Substitutes.
At Soda Fountains or Carbonated in Bottles.
THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, Atlanta, Ga.

Libby's Pork and Beans
Delicious - Nutritious
Plump and nut-like in flavor, thoroughly cooked choice pork. Prepared the Libby way, nothing can be more appetizing and satisfying, nor of greater food value. Put up with or without tomato sauce. An excellent dish served either hot or cold.
Insist on Libby's
Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago

RURAL NEWS ITEMS

LAKE VILLA

Bert Gonyo and family spent Sunday at Fox Lake.

Mrs. VanPatten's mother is visiting her from Montreal.

Mrs. Gilmore of Waukegan is visiting her sister here.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Keller made a trip to Elgin last Sunday.

Mrs. Falch, who has been in Kansas undergoing an operation is home.

G. A. Mitchell and Ray Kerr made a business trip to Libertyville Friday.

Our new ten cent show opened last Wednesday and was largely attended.

The Lake Villa Commercial club will give a Harvest ball in the new hall on Friday evening.

Wm. Sebora has been in Michigan several days looking over land which he might purchase.

N. G. Lentzner, our former school principal is here for a few days visiting (alone). He is to be married next month and will teach in Oakfield, Wis.

MILLBURN

Miss Mabel Bonner visited Antioch relatives last week.

Scott LeVoy had the misfortune to step on a spike, injuring his foot quite badly.

Dr. Taylor and family and Mrs. J. Taylor of Lily Lake spent Thursday with A. H. Stewart.

Miss Belle Irving leaves this week for New Mexico. She gave a party to her friends before leaving.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Bonner of Evanston, and Bert Trotter of Chicago spent Wednesday and Thursday here.

The Millburn Ladies Aid society will hold a social instead of the usual meeting, Thursday evening Aug. 7. Every one welcome.

A large attendance at the reunion of the Grubb School Thursday, from Kenosha, Bristol, Waukegan, Antioch and many other places.

MISTRESS WAS TOO "TOUCHY"

Unable to Agree on the Subject of Toothbrushes, Maid Abruptly Resigned Position.

When the tall girl found the mistress of the six-room flat washing dishes she asked what had happened to Mary.

"Mary has left," said the housekeeper. "I insulted her yesterday morning at 10 o'clock, and at 11 she packed her trunk and skipped."

"We had a row over toothbrushes. Mary exhibited an unparalleled interest in toothbrushes. Every brush she came to was taken up and turned over and over and commented on admiringly or the reverse."

"Finally she came to mine. I could sense at once that she liked it."

"Whose is this?" she asked.

"Mine," I said.

"She poured out a glass of water and dipped the brush in."

"Oh, well," she said, "I won't be afraid to use it, then."

"For a moment I stood there literally stupefied, but soon I saw that prompt action was necessary, and I caught Mary's arm in a painful grasp."

"Put it down this instant," I commanded. "Put it down."

"Mary drew back and withered me out of the corner of her eye."

"Dear me," she said, "how touchy some folks are. I never work for touchy folks."

"And so we parted. She seemed unable to get my point of view on toothbrush etiquette, and I seemed unable to get hers, so we thought it best to sever our relations."

Good Execution With One Shot.

With one shot a man named Gossit of Tylagum (N. S. Wales), Australia, killed three dingoes, the other day.

On investigating a disturbance among his dairy cattle, the man noticed several dingoes attacking one of the herd.

It was bright moonlight, and Gossit, firing at the nearest dingo with a rifle, was surprised to find later that he had killed three with one bullet.

The bullet struck the first dingo in the neck, and passing through broke the second's back, and entered the third dingo between the ribs, breaking its foreleg. The pack had previously killed a valuable cattle dog.

Be Cheerful.

"Be cheerful when you eat," said a doctor recently to an interviewer, and you will be able to enjoy anything. The man who tackles a railway sandwich ought to approach it eating with laughter.

Where Would Be Appropriate?

"I heard a contorted expression that fairly a Morris chabby achievements which in a man's life."

"Where are two would not be found worthy of notice."

"First, it is to the."

"Secondly, to the."

"Thirdly, to the."

"Fourthly, to the."

"Fifthly, to the."

"Sixthly, to the."

"Seventhly, to the."

"Eighthly, to the."

"Ninthly, to the."

"Tenthly, to the."

"Eleventhly, to the."

"Twelfthly, to the."

"Thirteenthly, to the."

"Fourteenthly, to the."

"Fifteenthly, to the."

HICKORY

Mrs. Hattie Wheeler is visiting Antioch relatives.

Mrs. Earl Edwards and son spent Sunday in Chicago.

Victor Chinn and wife visited relatives here Sunday.

Lee Savage and family spent Sunday at Wilson King's.

B. O. King and wife of Chicago are visiting relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Edwards entertained Chicago relatives Sunday.

O. Hollenbeck and family spent Sunday with relatives at Pleasant Prairie.

RUSSELL

Mr. Melville is visiting relatives here.

Miss Amy Ames is visiting in Waukegan.

Asher Crittenden attended a dance at Gurnee Friday.

The McNamara farm has been sold to a Chicago party.

There will be a dance at Russell on Aug. 8. All are invited to attend.

William Dawse returned to his home Monday night after a trip through the west.

There will be a Sunday School convention at the Russell church on Sunday, August 3. Meeting will be opened all day. Zion male quartet will furnish music. Come all.

Miss Clara Dawse, formerly of this place and Dr. LaDue of Chicago were married in Chicago on July 16th. Dr. and Mrs. LaDue have the best wishes of their many friends.

ULSTER, GARDEN OF IRELAND

Writer Pays High Tribute to the Scotch-Irish Who Have Made the Country What It Is.

It would not surprise me in the least if the late J. P. Morgan had the blood of the Ulster-Scot in his veins, as your correspondent hints at, says the writer of a letter to the editor of the New York Tribune. The Scotch-Irish were even more Scotch than the Scotch themselves—stern, shrewd, energetic and thoroughly reliable.

When James VI. of Scotland—James I. of England—offered facilities for the settlement of Ulster, thousands of Scots availed themselves of the chance, and by their energy helped to transform that district into a garden of Ireland.

Belfast, one of the most peaceful and prosperous cities in the world, is nothing more or less than a second Glasgow.

To Scotland, indirectly, to Ulster directly, we are indebted for such men as Andrew Jackson, James K. Polk, James Buchanan, John C. Calhoun, Chester A. Arthur, T. A. Hendricks, Horace Greeley, C. D. McCutcheon, James G. Blaine, Charles Foster, Samuel H. Grey and many others who helped to make the United States what she is today.

Robert Fulton, though an Irishman of Scottish descent—his father being forced out of Scotland in Cromwell's time—is scarcely an Ulster-Scot. But, then, it is not for the Livingston family, who were descended from the kings, nobles and lords of Scotland, Fulton could never have accomplished what he did.

GOLDEN AGE OF SPINSTERS

At This Day, and Hour in America, is the "Antient Mayde" to Be Seen at Her Very Best.

This that is the golden age of the spinster no one will deny, and that America furnishes the soil in which these hardy plants put forth their finest bloom is equally indisputable, writes Agnes Repplier in the Century Magazine. How many years have passed since the "antient maydes" of Boston—which term included all unmarried women older than twenty-five—were pronounced by John Dunton to be a "dismal spectacle?" How many years since a few "acute and ingenious gentlemen" in colonial Virginia had the temerity to remain single and cultivate their own tobacco plantations, for which unnatural behavior they were subjected to repeated "admonishments?"

Now the "antient mayde" flaunts her freedom in the faces of those who are patiently doing their duty to the world. Now if a woman runs a successful apple orchard or dairy farm, her exploits are heralded far and wide, and other women write exultant papers about her, intimating that the day of the man agriculturist is virtually over. I am not sure that the attitude of our great-grandfathers, who jealously and somewhat fearfully guarded their prerogatives, was not more flattering to the spinster than this enthusiasm evoked by her sex.

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